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VOL 6. NO. 132.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

JULY 5,

1862.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE,

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"'Who knows,' said I to myself, 'but Providence may have sent me here for some wise purpose, and may yet permit me to leave this wretched spot? In due time I can construct a sail-boat out of the inner woodwork of this ship, for which the rock will have but small attraction, and bearing to the north under a favorable wind, I may once again reach the ocean paths of commerce and be picked up and taken home. In the mean time I will take the boat I have, and, when no swell sets the shore, will coast along the rock and see if I cannot find some little cove or bay.'

"Filled with this purpose, I could scarcely sleep that night, and when I did my visions were of my silver birds, who came to me constantly with diamonds in their beaks, which they dropped upon my bosom."

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The remainder of this extraordinary story will be found continued in this day's (Tuesday's) issue of WILKES'S SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, and there continued to

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The First Number of the Sixth Volume of VANITY FAIR was issued July 5th, and with it we decided upon the discontinuance of all Premiums, preferring to give our Subscribers the advantage of the difference we have consequently made in our rates.

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At the risk of being considered egotistical, we must request the affable reader to congratulate us on the facts that we have brought our publication successfully through five volumes, that here we are again with our Preface to a Sixth, and that we still retain possession of our scalp. We feel rather pleased than otherwise about the safety of our scalp, because we have had reason, for some time past, to suspect the existence of a cabal organized for the purpose of depriving us of that valuable ornament.

During the last six months we have received several bushels of anonymous letters, expressing the most exaggerated hatred, intensified abhorrence, and unmitigated malevolence toward us. Several thousands of these epistolarians—or pistolarians, if we *must* have our little joke—assume that the Mayor of Timbuctoo is the principal stockholder of Vanity Fair, and that our mission is to vindicate the traffic in black chattels, here, for his benefit. About eleven hundred of our communicants are so peculiar in their ideas of grammatical construction, that we experienced considerable impossibility in the interpretation of their favors; we can make out, however, that they intend to kill us unless we dissolve partnership with the Timbuctoo man, and take the Editor of the *Tribune* into our confidence instead. Nearly all of the communications received by us on the subject in question, appear to emanate from lunatics connected with the so-called "abolition press," from the fact of their being more or less unintelligible to persons actuated merely by principles of common sense.

Now, to all these mild advancers of our national difficulties, we take the liberty of defining our position as follows:—

We think that the Nation is, at present, of more consequence than the Negro: that the glory of the former should be considered in preference to the glorification of the latter, and that all the gammon preached about immediate emancipation is a dodge for bringing political capital to the miners of the black-diamond.

We consider that the so-called "abolition" journals are, for the most part, traitors to their country and abettors of treason, their energies being very generally directed to the purpose of tripping up President Lincoln, by digging trap-holes in the field over which he and his Right-hand Man are steadily advancing to victory.

We insist that nothing sensible was ever suggested on the subject of abolishing slavery, until President Lincoln issued that message to Congress containing his famous Dissolving View, or gradual emancipation policy. Our duty be it to uphold that policy, which we think we can best effect by slashing and cutting around with a two-edged weapon amid the tumultuous throng of *soi-disant* "abolitionists," who object to the abolition of slavery by gradual process, because that is the only way in which it is ever likely to be abolished.

Rabid Abolitionists will please take notice.

As regards our relations with Foreign Powers, we mean to pay the latter every little delicate attention in our line, so long as they keep "on the square" with us. President Lincoln has just inaugurated this policy by presenting the King of Denmark with a pistol. Our tomahawk is burnished and at hand, ready for heaving, should a necessity for elevating the hatchet arise.

European Powers will please take notice.

And the affable reader will please take this record of our sentiments as an absolute platform, based upon the great cientific principle of "The Union First."

CABINET CONVERSATION PIECES.

No. 6.

SCENE.—*An Arbor in the Garden of the White House. The* PRESIDENT *discovered, reclining at full length upon a very long, rustic bench. The* SECRETARY OF STATE, SECRETARY OF WAR, *and General* POPE, *seated upon rustic seats. A rustic side-board, upon which stand two silver-hooped pails, one containing lemonade, the other sherry cobbler.*

President.—Rather hot to-day—eh?

Sec. of State.—You scarcely characterize the incandescence with your usual vigor, sir. Were I given to be profane, I should be almost tempted to stigmatize the temperature as the Pastor of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, once did from the pulpit, when he said: "Its d——."

President.—You need not repeat that little anecdote, Mr. SEWARD. I have made use of it myself over a dozen time, and always with marked and flattering success. It is quite possible that I may again have recourse to it while mingling with the festive throng this evening, and I would not, therefore, have its edge turned by too frequent repetition.

Sec. of State.—I resign it willingly, sir—it comes better from a Western man than from one accustomed to the repose that characterizes the people among whom I was brought up.

President.—It does, sir. Ladle me out some of that lemonade. What do you think of the English view of BUTLER'S No. 28—eh, POPE?

Gen. Pope.—They don't seem to have a very clear view of things over there, somehow. Old PALMERSTON does BUNSBY with remarkable power, though. His opinion on the matter amounts to about this: "If sb be as General PICAYUNE *did* order the ladies of the Orleans dynasty to be locked up in the same caboodle with the New-York Water Zouaves, I think the sooner we stick an emperor upon the Throne of the Pocahontases the better for the Argentine Republic."

Sec. of War.—I think those were his very words: they made a great impression on the employés in my Department, who took a holiday, in order to enjoy them better.

President.—We must respect Lord PALMERSTON'S feelings, sir, however, as well as those of the Nineteenth Century: they are both very old. When I say the feelings of the Nineteenth Century, I only quote an English Member of Parliament, Mr. GREGORY, who says that they have been outraged by BEN BUTLER'S No. 28.

Sec. of State.—Has the British Government ever called for information about the prevailing fashion at the South with regard to bone jewelry—human bone?

President.—Not that we hear of, sir. Not much.

Sec of State.—I think, now, that out of regard for the feelings of the Nineteenth Century, Mr. GREGORY should move for an inquiry into that bone business. If some people *must* poke their noses into other people's affairs, they ought, at least, to be consistent.

President.—Sir, that is not the bone of contention they want to pick with us.

Gen Pope.—What do you think of PERSIGNY'S visit to England, sir?

President.—I think there is a Persignificance connected with it. Twenty years ago I was acquainted with a Frenchman out in Illinois who used to catch prairie-chickens by dropping sealing-wax on to their feet. It remains to be seen whether LOUIS NAPOLEON'S sealing-wax isn't too much for JOHN BULL'S red tape.

Sec. of State.—The great TALLEYRAND once told me that he could lead JOHN BULL anywhere with a piece of red tape run through his nose.

Gen. Pope.—It's high time we put away our red tape, so far as military matters are concerned. I wouldn't destroy it, however, if only on account of it's Leading characteristics.

President.—Give POPE another cobbler. That was a first-rate pun. How do your shoulders feel with the three army corps upon them, General? Feel like carrying out a Stone-Wall as well?

Gen. Pope.—I feel as frisky as CERBERUS could ever have done, sir, and intend to get over that Stone-Wall, if I *have* three heads to carry.

Sec. of State.—Was General SCOTT taken much by surprise, when you so suddenly beat up his quarters at West Point, President?

President.—No, sir; the comely old Tower to which you refer was never taken by surprise—and I should like to see you try to blow it up. He shouted with all the force of twenty when he saw me coming up the hill, and waved his Panama hat.

All.—Long may he wave!

Gen. Pope.—What are you going to do this Fourth of July, Mr. LINCOLN? Have you laid in your stock of fire-works for the occasion?

President.—For this Fourth of July, sir, I rely a good deal for my fire-works upon you and your three armies. The Confederates are confidently stated to be short of victuals, and I think it would be only humane of you to supply them with Crackers for so great an occasion.

Gen. Pope.—And JACKSON will doubtless try to save his own bacon for the celebration of the same festivity. But he may find all his fat in my fire, though.

President.—Fill up your cobblers there, and pick fresh straws. I want you to imbibe a health to George MCCLELLAN.

Sec. of War.—Won't you drink to him yourself in something stronger than lemonade, sir?

President.—That is my business, Mr. STANTON. You didn't always give him any stronger aid yourself than lemonade, when you might have done it.

Sec. of State.—How sharp that wit! The lightning of sarcasm never appears more brilliant than when it flashes from a Western Blade! Here's to MCCLELLAN!

All.—MCCLELLAN! MCCLELLAN!

President.—Well done, my boys!—there was a fine sherry flavor in that 'ere shout.

Gen. Pope.—Did you sport any of that sherry upon the Progressive Friends when they called upon you the other day, President?

President.—Nary. Do you suppose I don't know what sort of vessels good wine ought to go into?

Sec. of State.—I should like to have seen NOLL JOHNSON put through a course of these cobblers; wouldn't he have toted the other old woman around!

President.—It would not have been hospitable, sir; neither would it have been dignified. I was once present at the performance of a piece called "The Serious Family," and it was humiliating to behold the manner in which some very respectable elderly Quakers forget themselves under the excitement of a worldly and rather unseemly dance. O-h-h-h!

Sec. of State.—What an excellent comedian you would have made, Mr. LINCOLN! That long-drawn, tabernacular groan was worthy of the late lamented BURTON, while in towering stature and mobility of features you somewhat remind me of the lately departed Sir WILLIAM DON.

President.—"All the world's a stage," remember, and I have somehow seen a good deal of it, both behind and before the foot-lights.

Sec. of State.—If I might be so bold as to make the remark, sir, you came within a very few inches of being one of the seven-foot-lights of it yourself.

Gen. Pope.—Were you ever out in a boat with Mr. SUMNER, President?

President.—Not any, sir. I once came down with a happy family on a raft, though. It was on a branch of the Red River. There had been a fire in the woods, which drove the wild creatures to the watery element, and when I woke up in the morning there was a catamount, two alligators, a yearling buffalo, a she-bear with two cubs, nine mud-turtles, a gopher, and several large snakes of remarkable and elegant patterns on board with me.

Sec. of State.—And did you have a pleasant time with them, sir?

President.—No, sir; I am particular about my company, especially snakes. Seeing they came to stay, I made short work in getting rid of them, though.

Sec. of State.—Drew a bead on 'em and pulled fire?

President.—No, sir. I drew my boots on, first. Then I swam ashore and skedaddled into the next State.

Gen. Pope.—But I don't see the association between that adventure and Mr. SUMNER, sir.

President.—I never said I had any association in the quarter just mentioned by you, sir. I know my own business best.

Sec. of War.—Yet there is a flue, weird, and if I may say it, Æsopian lesson contained in that episode of "all coming down on the same raft."

Sec. of State.—It is a characteristic of Western men to deal much with parables. From border warfare with the red denizens of the plains, perhaps, they learn that a parabolic curve is safer than a bee-line.

President.—Do you mean by that observation to insinuate that the line taken by me during my magisterial career has not been of the bee-directness, sir?

Sec. of State.—Quite the reverse, Mr. LINCOLN. Both in rectitude of purpose and adaptability for business I should class you much higher, sir, than any bee—not excepting the J. B. to whom you have so happily succeeded.

President.—I am satisfied with your explanation, sir; let us join the ladies.

A Question for the Faculty.

Is not the malady known as *mania a potû* a direct result of hydrophobia?

Published by LOUIS H. STEPHANS, for the Proprietors, at 116 Nassau Street, N. Y.

FELLOW FEELING.

Excited Foreigner.—"WHAT DO I THINK OF THIS HERE COUNTRY? WHAT COULD I THINK OF ANY COUNTRY AS STICKS A TAX ON 'ARMLESS HANIMALS LIKE THESE 'ERE DORGS?"

Manufactured Tobacco.

WE hear from New-Orleans of the discovery, near the terminus of the Pontchartrain Railroad, of an engine described as a "submarine ram of cigar shape, made of iron, hollowed so that a number of men can inclose themselves in it."

Should it ever fall to our lot to pick up a cigar of the quality described, with a number of Secessionist skulkers inclosed within it, we rather think that we would treat them as the French General did the Arabs at Algiers—Smoke them out.

By a Pennsylvanian Land-owner.

WHY is Kerosene so very unreliable?
Because it is the Huile of Fortune!

Opinion of a Speculator.

"I SUSPECT that Petroleum *is* explosive, after all: at least, I've known a good many capitalists Burst Up by it!"

Revenons a nos Beliers!

"AFTER all, the ancients were smarter at warfare than we. The defenses of old Jericho fell before the blast of a ram's horn, while we have to use a whole flock of Rams to take Memphis with!"—[*Opinion of an Eminent Person.*

ALL PARTIES SATISFIED, EH?

THE police reports of the dailies, on Friday last, treat us to a dainty little episode of life in a New-York hotel—in fact in *the* New-York Hotel, to be very exact. There was nothing very unusual in the circumstances of the case, as reported. First, an altercation between two "respectable gentlemen," one of whom, like many a man in difficulties, had recourse to the bottle—that is, he hit his antagonist a slashing cut over the head with a bottle, a compliment which the injured person returned by discharging a revolver four times at his assailant. Well, all this little bit of melodrama has been acted over and over again, so often, at most of our hotels, that it has long since ceased to be amusing—it doesn't "draw" as it used, in fact. But there is something remarkable connected with the examination of the case at Jefferson Market Police Court, which, unless the reporters are at fault, appears to us to be worthy of notice. When the "respectable gentlemen" between whom the difficulty occurred, were brought up before Justice QUACKENBUSH at the Police Court—one of them bleeding from a bottle on the head, the other from a bullett in the arm—that amiable magistrate "discharged them upon the promise, each to the other, that no complaint should be made in the courts."

The principal objection maintained by us against Justice QUACKENBUSH'S action in this little affair is, that we occasionally "take our ease" for a few transient moments of *délassement* in the New-York Hotel, or any other hotel. To one of our mild disposition it is repugnant to understand that the space within the four walls of an apartment occupied by us is likely to be disturbed from its repose, at any moment, by flakes of shattered quart-bottles and errant life-pills from deadly, rotating pistolets. Even a pint-bottle flying through the air in a point-blank direction for one's head, is apt to dislocate one's tranquility, if not to stun, and perhaps maim one for life. It is to such stunning effects that we object. Another objection of ours is to the placid, if not encouraging, manner in which these effects are considered by Justice QUACKENBUSH. We have not seen it stated, up to the hour at which we pen these lines, that any comment was made by that worshipful Magistrate upon the trivial circumstance of indiscriminate target-practice in a populous hotel. Suppose the conflicting parties to be first-rate shots, one with a bottle, and the other with a pistol, so as to kill each other at the first fire, or, at least, plant every projectile somewhere upon or in the antagonistic carcase, well and good—we have no objection to that, but rather the reverse. But, on the contrary, and arguing upon more likely grounds, assume that they are both loose shots, and that the fire of one puts out my pipe, and the bottle of the other gives you a glass eye, then, where are we? Justice QUACKENBUSH himself could hardly answer that question in a satisfactory manner, we rather guess; on which account it might be as well for him to enable us to waive it, by properly enforcing that excellent sanitary law which requires that the atmosphere of populous and peaceable thoroughfares must be kept free from stray pistol-bullets and broken bottles.

MEDIATION.

UNCLE SAM TO FATHER BULL AND THE "NEPHEW OF HIS UNCLE."

COUSINS:—I learn, with some surprise, by latest foreign papers,
You contemplate to cut, ere long, some rather risky capers;
In fact, to thrust your noses in the "contest fratricidal,"
That keeps—and hence your moral qualms—your looms and spindles idle.

Now really, Cousins, I regret that Europe's bone and muscle
Must suffer while I'm closing up this almost-finished tussle;
I wish, for their sakes, on my soul, to prop your systems rotten
That I could buy your surplus silks, supply the needed cotton.
Before the war you leaned on me, and soon, the struggle ended,
I'll help your pauper crowds to keep from starving, as I *then* did.

I know, JOHN BULL, your lion's roar is Bottom's voice, the weaver's,
And that the crow of Gallia's cock is simply NAP'S, the reiver's;
I understand the *Moniteur*, so terse, so philosophic,
I see right through the *Times*' tirades, so *very* philanthropic;
I estimate at its true worth your statesmanship, one-sided—
You fear the Union, and you hope to see its strength divided.

Cousins, hands off! I tolerate no outside interference,
Monarchs may be—where monarchs *rule*—considered God's vicegerents,
But mine is a self-governed land—it brooks no crowned intendant,
And the good sword that made it free shall keep it independent.

You talk of *mediation* now—would "speak a word in season;" *You*,
who with "neutral" on your lips have fanned the flame of treason.
Your journals hint that Europe's arms must end by force the "quarrel:"
If that's your game, why draw your blades—we'll see who'll win the laurel.

Meantime in Mexico, friend NAP, your braves, your *Cœur-de-lions*,
Are all "skedaddling" toward the coast, pursued by patriot *peons*.
And should you venture on *my* soil a hostile demonstration,
I'll try in Mexico's behalf *your* style of mediation.
Hands off, sweet Cousins! petty states may tolerate the antic,
But keep your armed coercion schemes for t'other side the Atlantic.
Don't try to settle *my* affairs that way, or sure I am
There'll be an everlasting row 'twixt you and

UNCLE SAM.

"Give 'im 'is 'Ed."

JENKS thinks there is no cause for alarm at the recent Rebel offer of ten thousand dollars for General BUTLER'S "cocoanut," the late management of affairs at New-Orleans having shown conclusively that it is not in the power of Rebeldom to get a-head of Butler, at any price.

JUSTICE BLINKED.

THE INTERESTING PERFORMANCE OF HANGING JEFF DAVIS IS INTERRUPTED BY AUNT LAURA'S ARRIVAL IN TIME TO RESCUE THE VICTIM, WHOSE REAL NAME IS FIDO.

Going Under.

JEFF DAVIS promises his soldiers, somewhat hypothetically, that each one shall be allowed to enter a quarter-section of land at the close of the War. We can promise many of them, including JEFF himself, that they will, about that time, enter a section of land, say six feet by two!

The Same, but More So.

AT the time of the last presidential election, the Southerners thought our Great Gun, LINCOLN, would probably hang fire. Now, they begin to have vivacious fears that he will only Hang Fire-Eaters.

L'Enfant Terrible.

"PA," lisped little JOHN HENRY, "why was Mrs. YELVERTON'S affair with her pretended husband like the Rebel Army?"

"I know not, my che-ild," rejoined the parent.

"'Cause, it was a Foe,-Pa!" said JOHN HENRY.

Sentiment, by a Man of Taste.

"THESE high-roofed bonnets are Seldom Becoming: would they were Becoming Seldom!"

Naturally Enough.

IT is said that a good deal of oil-land has been purchased in Pennsylvania by a party of speculative ladies. We presume that each is anxious to Hold her Own Well.

Parallels of Defense.

HOOPED Skirts.

OUR VOTE OF THANKS.

TO SURGEON-GENERAL HAMMOND—GREETING:

Your letter of 19th June, to Assistant-Surgeon J. LETTERMAN, not only does honor to your heart, but also an infinite deal of credit to your head.

It is so refreshing to find a man who is so thoroughly up to his work as the chief of an important department, one who does not mean to tolerate imbecility, or incapacity, when the lives of our brave soldiers are trembling in the balance, that we feel it to be our duty thus publicly, in the name of our sick and wounded brethren, to thank you, not for doing your duty, but because you are doing it so well.

We ask no return from you for this willing acknowledgment to the energy, capability, and patriotism which you have so speedily made felt throughout your department, except this slight favor, that you will forward to us by mail, on receipt of this, a piece of the very wide tape, left by your predecessor, which you have thus so summarily severed.

Receive the assurances of our distinguished consideration,

Vanity Fair.

Our "Four-Year-Old" again.

THEY were playing conundrums. Our F. Y. O. was an outsider. The mystery of the metempsychosis of the dropped pins into terrapins had just been recorded, when a small party, in a bread-and-butter state of mind, vaguely wondered "where the terrapins went to."

"I know!" cried our F. Y. O., with the accents of conviction. "And where do they go to, my dear?" asked the proud father, anxiously. "Why, papa, they go to pot," replied the phenomenon, without a smile.

OUR MATERIAL FOR SOLDIERS.

THERE is hardly a class of the community that has not furnished its quota to the Army at present engaged in fighting the battles of the Union. Clergymen, lawyers, gamblers, doctors, patients, brokers, breakers, burglars, mechanics, and more others than occur to us, are shouldering arms, arming shoulders, and pressing onward to Richmond in a manner entitled to the highest praise. We thought, indeed, that there was no distinct class of the people unrepresented in the Federal Army. This morning, however, as we were startled from placid dreams by the Ojibbeway yell of the milkman, it occurred to us that among all the variety of brigades, regiments, companies, and corps with which our streets have glowed and bristled for the last year or so, we have never yet heard of such an organization as the "Milkmen Zouaves," or the "Cow-horn Rangers," or any other bearing in its designation a significance of the half-pastoral race of nomads who make the welkin as well as the door-bell ring every morning about dawn.

It seems to us to be about time, now, that something should be done to fire the heart of the festive milkman, and send him off to the war. If ALBERT PIKE struck terror to the hearts of the poor Union men trembling in the settlements of Arkansas, with the wild war-whoops of his painted red-skins, why should not the North make use of its own peculiar savages as material of war? We know of more than one milkman in this city of New-York, whose sharp matutinal yell would remove the scalp off the Albino black man at the Museum, if properly directed. In fact, he who could organize these fine but stridulous fellows into a brigade or regiment, would confer a benefit upon late sleepers, and render himself an object for the blessings of all. If we might be allowed to suggest a title, we think the "Lacteal Lancers" would be about the thing for the milkman's corps. Their tin cans might easily be converted into helmets. Instead of the usual number of stars, they might have the Milky Way emblazoned upon their colors, and an appropriate motto for them might be found in the words, "Our Yell is ——": well, we will allow our gentle readers to supply the word according to their respective tastes. Parson BROWNLOW would not hesitate a moment in giving currency to it.

A HINT FOR STATE SURGEON-GENERALS.

Columbia.—"Oh! what a precious lot of Saw-Bones you are! The Wounded Soldier belongs not to this State or that. He belongs to the Union and I will nurse him!"

THE WOMAN OF SAVANNAH.

THE following choice flower of feminine sentiment was gathered from a Southern parterre:

"*To the Editor of the Savannah Republican:*—Seeing your spirited notice in this morning's paper of the offer of a noble Mississippian to give a reward of $10,000 for the infamous BUTLER's head, can you not suggest through your valuable journal the propriety of *every woman in our Confederacy* contributing her mite to triple the sum, for a consummation dear to the insulted honor of our countrywomen, one and all? Respectfully,

A SAVANNAH WOMAN.

"SAVANNAH, June 10th, 1862."

Now, you dear Woman of Savannah, unless you were a very naughty little person indeed, and in fact one of those brazen-faced syrens at whom General BUTLER levelled his terrible No. 28, you never could have been so aggravated in mind by that manifesto as you evidently are, judging from your virulent, nay virile, disposition with regard to it. Were you, dear Woman of Savannah, a female of other than prurient mind, would it have occurred to you to suppose that *you* could by any possibility be a sufferer by redoubtable Order No. 28? Don't you see, equivocal Woman of Savannah, that the necessary ordinance in question was framed, not for the modest, retiring, virtuous, and charming Southern lady, but for the indecent, repellant, scurrilous, and profligate *female* of New-Orleans? Here in New-York, as in all large cities, there are a great many females of that exact description. They walk flauntingly through our streets o' nights, and if it so happens that one of them so far unsexes herself as to hit an elderly gentleman a wipe across the spectacles, she is immediately handed over to a strong man in blue, who lodges her in the station-house; which is about the same kind of business as that of General BUTLER and his calaboose.

Keep your temper, then, calaboozy Woman of Savannah, and reserve your proposed "mite," which, in spite of your teeth and claws, we decline to consider as "right."

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER FROM MCARONE.

DEAR VANITY: The amethystine splendors of a dying sunset flashed their pale glories along the valley of the Pamunkey last night, at twenty-five minutes past five o'clock P.M.

On speary grass and starry bloom lay myriad tiny diamond globes of dew, glittering in the regal rays of the almost defunct day-god, while from the eastern horizon uprose the murky veil of night, gathering a purple gloom about her, and trailing her sable robes along the sterile stretches of the sacred soil.

. . . Few writers could have excelled that last paragraph. I have an excellent education.

Through the vague gleams and shadows of declining day, where snowy camps and lurid fires denoted the presence of a mighty host of militia-men, there might have been seen a tall and noble stranger, closely muffled in a military cloak and wearing a Scotch cap.

He was six feet four. His hands were large. His face, an honest dial of a manly soul, was wrinkled. His beard was of scarcely more than a year's growth. His steps, which were very wide apart, tended peacefully toward my headquarters. . . .

I sate in my study, luxuriously attired in crimson corduroy drawers and flowered calico socks. An orange-colored dressing-gown with silver sprigs, and a green velvet cap, with diamonds, completed my *toilette de nuit*. I always sleep in this garb.

Upon my table of massive ivory inlaid with pearl, stood delicate flagons and goblets, glorious with the glittering glamour of Bohemian glass and jeweled incrustations. These contained the rare and flagrant apple-jack of New-Jersey, judiciously tempered with bitters.

. . . I drink a great deal of this. It costs me two dollars a gallon, and a dollar a bottle for bitters. But I get the apple-jack on tick.

. . . All at once a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in!" rang out the silvery flute-tones of my really fine voice.

The portal swung upon melodious hinge, and the tall stranger entered.

"Who art thou?" I asked.

"Knowest thou me not?" asked the stranger.

"Not any."

"'Tis well."

"For what comest thou?"

"I come," said the stranger, seating himself upon an *or-molu* nail-keg, and taking a chew of tobacco, "I come to see about the White House and General MCCLELLAN. One gentleman in Congress says that he has lived in the house; that it is big enough for 2000 soldiers; that it is already furnished as a complete hospital; that WASHINGTON said he hoped it might be used as one, if the folks ever got a chance, and that MCCLELLAN guards it closely against Union men, but permits JEFF DAVIS and his friends to give suppers and parties there every night. Very good. Another gentleman in Congress says that he was with MCCLELLAN when the house was visited; that it has but two rooms, and will hold but five persons; that there is no guard around it; that the hospital accommodations are already ampler than is needed; that it is the only house in the country where WASHINGTON is really known to have been born; that he lived, loved, married, and died there, and was buried in the front yard; that the wounded soldiers refuse to be taken there, and always die of grief at the desecration within twenty-four hours. Very good. A third gentleman in Congress says that the house was built a year ago last fall, by a man who used to work for his father; that it has been used as a hospital by MCCLELLAN'S order, ever since the battle of Bull Run; that WASHINGTON never saw the house, never heard of the house, and, in fact, frequently expressed a desire that no such house should be built; that no such house was built; that it isn't fit for a hospital, and that the other two gentlemen lie like blazes. Very good. I concluded, then, to come and see for myself. The *Tribune*—a very stupid paper since GAY took DANA'S place on it—has seized the opportunity, and blackguards GEORGE B. like a fishwoman. And that," said the stranger, smiling, "that reminds me of a little story—"

I recognized him at once.

"Haven't you mauled rails out in Kentucky?" I asked.

"I hayve."

"Haven't I played bluff with you on board the keel-boat *Belle of Skunkahominy*, on the Mississippi, in the halcyon days of boyhood?"

"You hayve."

I pressed my enthusiastic lips to his thewy hand. . . .

"My President . . . " I murmured.

"Arise, good Duke de MCARONE," said ABRAHAM, blandly; "'tis not for thee to kneel. I pri'thee, genuflex no more."

We quaffed long and late. Next morn, we visited the LEE House. It *is* a souvenir of WASHINGTON. It is *not* fit for a hospital. MCCLELLAN is right, as usual. LINCOLN, as usual, has the good sense to recognize that truth, and I am, as usual, Yours, MCARONE.

THE FOURTH.

DAY to all despots full of dire prognostics,
Day of torpedoes, gunpowder, and jews-sticks;
Day that saw signed the immortal "Declaration:"
Day of stunned ears, burns, bruises, perspiration.
Day that shines forth the beacon light of ages;
Day of spread-eagle orators rampageous.
Day when we smote the Lion on his grim mouth;
Day when the Yankees blarney about Plymouth.
Day of which time can never, never weary us;
Day when, Malay-like, we're with *bang* delirious.
Day when the air's ablaze with starry banners;
Day when boys lose their eye-lashes and manners.
Day with an atmosphere you can't get cool in;
Day when 'tis safest to be clothed in woollen.
Day Sunday-scholars go on sweltering picnics:
Day Pyromaniacs gloat o'er pyrotechnics.
Day when our Eagle on his proudest perch is;
Day that an "Ember Day" in Freedom's church is.
Day country-folks the city love to gad in;
Day when no magic spell could hold a lad in.
Day for ice-creams, cool cobblers, mint-elixirs;
Day of six-pounders fired by Seventy-sixers.
Day most abhorred by every British Tory;
Day on which SAM'S a SAMSON in his glory.
Day when the drama needs no humbug *claqueurs*;
Day when no boy's "the cheese" if minus crackers.
Day sacred to Hope, Memory, Faith, and Reason;
Day when God's darkest frown is bent on Treason.
Day when all Freedom's foes must stand from under;
Day we will always celebrate—by THUNDER.

IN THE CENTRAL PARK.

English Swell.—"Aw, it is a good enough Park for Wepublicans; but what's a Park to an Awistocwacy unless it has its Wotten Wow?"

Lucid from Arkansas.

A recent dispatch from White River announces that "the rebel gunboat Arkansas lately run down from Memphis, in an unfinished state, *which* is expected to offer us battle."

We have studied the above paragraph carefully, but have been unable to discover whether it is Memphis "which" is in an "unfinished State," (and if it is, by the by, we think Andrew Johnson will finish it pretty soon!) or whether it is an unfinished State which "is expected to offer us battle," and if so, "which unfinished State" it is.

One discovery, however, we have made, "which" is, that one "unfinished state" seems very clearly defined in the dispatch, namely the "unfinished state" of the correspondent's grammatical education.

Question for Poulterers.

We have lately seen notices of a new novel, entitled, "Abel Drake's Wife." Out of this quaint title arise the two following questions:

Firstly—Who and what was Abel Drake's Wife?

Secondly—Isn't she a Duck?

No Hen-pecked husbands need trouble us with solutions of these questions.

A Note from our Bagpipe.

Were there only a half a dozen such regiments on service in South-Carolina as the N. Y. Seventy-ninth Highlanders, wouldn't the Rattlesnake of that rebellious region soon be Scotched!

Appropriate for Heavy Swells.

Calf-skin Gloves.

ON THE CARDS.

We have consulted all the independent clairvoyants, *bona fide* astrologists, astonishing prophetesses and astounding diviners, whose invitations are issued through the whitchcrafty columns of the *Herald*, for the purpose of arriving at some solution of the mysterious purpose with which the President, just before his departure from West-Point, presented a pack of playing-cards to General Scott.

The celebrated Madame Bruiser, to whom we first repaired, having raised her rather too familiar spirits with a good-sized pony—of brandy—took a greasy pack of *cartes de visite*, professing to be likenesses of Mr. Lincoln, General Scott, the Members of the Cabinet, the Devil, Dr. Faustus, Jeff. Davis, and several other prominent persons of ancient as well as modern times. Having played this pack for some minutes against one of ordinary cards, she told us that the Knave had no chance against the Devil, which meant that Floyd would soon be in the clutches of the latter. In one of the deals General Scott fell plump upon Jeff. Davis, the argument deduced by Madame Bruiser from which was, that Rebellion is pretty well flattened out. This, according to Madame Bruiser, fully accounted for the circumstance of the Fourth of July falling upon a Friday this year, as well as for the presentation of a "deck" of cards by the President to General Scott.

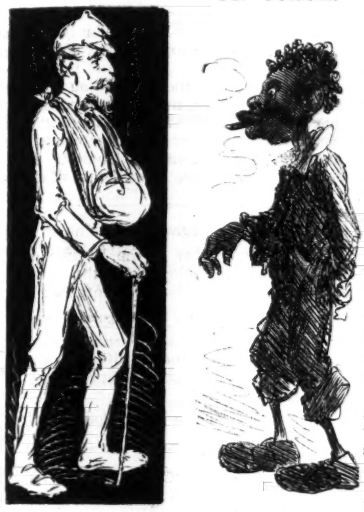
On visiting Madame Tomorrow, who, as her name indicates, belongs to the future and despises antecedents, we found that charming Seventh Daughter "fixing up" her Magic Image for the day. In other words, she was beating over the head, with a broom-handle, the mulatto girl who personates the Image, in order to render her sufficiently comatose and stolid for the proper representation of the character. Immediately upon seeing us, Madame Tomorrow, without any interruption to her pleasing performance, said that she knew what we came about, and that it was on the cards. She then sang "The Pope he leads a happy life," and having assured us that "the Banks wasn't busted yet," she besought us, with tears in her eyes, to fork out an additional half-dollar toward paying for some drinks which she discerned looming in the future. This we did, and went away full of satisfaction at having seen Tomorrow a day beforehand, and learned why it was that the President presented a pack of cards to General Scott.

From all the other talented and reliable sybils to whom we applied, we received the most lucid and satisfactory solutions of the problem proposed by us. But one instance, in particular, deserves to be specially recorded. During our interview with Mademoiselle Widgeon—who looks like anything but a little duck, by the by—we were so muck struck with her immense proficiency at seeing objects through the seventh square of a hooped-skirt, that we incontinently shouted "Eureka! Eureka!" upon which the lady turned to us with a wrapt horse-laugh, and, poking us in the ribs with a spare bed-post, made use of these remarkable words: "You're on it now, Old Beeswax; it was for a fist at Euchre that Abe Linkin gev old Scotty that ere blessed pack of cards!"

POOR PILLICODDY.

It appears that the French Consul at New-Orleans lately maintained a military establishment "on his own hook." At least we are told that, previous to General Butler's arrival in that city, there was such a thing as a "French Consulate Guard" there, a prominent officer of which was one Lieutenant Pillichoddi. The orders to this body-guard were issued in English and a sort of hybrid French—which is what might be expected from a New-Orleans French Consulate corps of Bashi-Bazouks, or sbirri. From the fine French flavor that evidently pervaded the organization in question, we infer that the Lieutenant referred to pronounces his name Pillishoddy. This is cheerful. It is assuring; and we accept the circumstance with gratitude, as evidence that Shoddy is not a distinguishing feature of the Federal army, after all. There is also another little association connected with the suggestive, if not aristocratic patronymic of Pillichoddi. The only instance we can recall of the name, or at least of the English version of it, previous to the revelation of the "Consulate Guard," is in connection with a popular English farce, in which a weak-minded muff known as "Poor Pillicoddy" gets into sundry absurd situations for the diversion of the "house." Here we have a coincidence—the farce of Secession nearly played out, with a "Poor Pillicoddy" as one of the *dramatis personæ*.

ON COLOR.



It was a pleasant old superstition of fossilated *savants* that there were seven primitive colors. We know better now, and can afford to laugh, good-naturedly, at the odd delusions of the poor old fellows who have gone before us. There are but two primitive colors—White and Black. The intermediate shades produced by a combination of these are: Sambo mulatto, bright mulatto, ginger-bread, "yaller," and whitey-brown. Great diversity of opinion exists with regard to what artists term the "value" of these colors, respectively. Many wise men of this country, who profess to be immense upon color, give the preference to the Black, which they aver is a Faster Color in the Wool than White. Sold by the foot, Black fetches, for the most part, a much higher figure than White—a six-foot lump of the former often bringing as much as $1500 or even $2000. White, on the contrary, is often characterized as "poor trash" by the very *savants* whose proper and natural tint it is. In this city, and indeed in all districts North of a certain boundary line, White, only, is exposed for sale; and as the market is generally glutted with it, the article is quoted at a very low value.

The various and interesting gradations produced by the amalgamation of Black and White, may be seen daily at many free exhibitions of works of Color in this city. There is a fine gallery of such specimens in West-Broadway, for example. None of them are after the Old Master, however, from whom, nevertheless, many of them have been abstracted, although such an assertion may seem rather inconsistent to readers who have not abandoned themselves to the pleasures of metaphysics. It was a common remark among the Old Masters that "Black runs." It does worse than that—it skedaddles: in spite of which, however, the Senior Editor of the *Tribune* prefers it to any other color for putting in the heavy touches to his *genre* pieces of Elysian life and character. As a color, there is no doubt that Black has been very much used in modern days for producing superficial effects. Such artists as Wendell Phillips, Sumner, and others of that school, lay it on too thick, by far.

THE SONG OF THE LONDON TIMES.

These Yankees! Was ever so stupid a nation,
For spending their cash without once asking us?—
Going straight to destruction, and eke desolation,
In spite of our wisdom, which they treat as fuss.
We have warned and abjured them, and also advised 'em;
Of breakers ahead we have loudly apprised 'em;
For their folly in long, leading columns chastised 'em,
For which, it would seem, that they don't care a cuss!

Why will you be deaf, O dear child transatlantic?
Why will you keep fighting, in spite of our wishes?
Your madness is stark, and your folly is frantic,
And dished you will be—the completest of dishes!
Stop drawing in this reckless manner the triggers!
Stop jawing anent a mere parcel of niggers!
Turn your armies forthwith into ploughers and diggers,
And send us your produce without pohs or pishes!

And if you won't hear us, we gentlemen scholars,
You wicked old sinners too good to be taught!
You'll soon be in debt many billions of dollars,
And go to the deuce, as you certainly ought.
Take example from us, for we don't owe a penny—
From us, who of paupers just now haven't many—
From us, who of troubles have never had any—
From Britons who never with Britons have fought.

Hear us, and suspend this belligerent bustle!
Hear us—hear *The Times!*—are you listening now?
We're *The Times*, that sent over the great William Russell—
The Times, to which monarchs and ministries bow!
Things have certainly come to the queerest of passes,
If we lions can't govern you wretched jackasses,
If you can oppose your poor, ignorant masses—
Your vile rub-a-dub to our wise rowdy-dow.

Knaves! villains! thieves! rascals! your fighting give over!
We're *The Times*, and we say it, and mean it also;
Accept our advice, and you'll all live in clover!
Reject it, and straightway to Tophet you go!
Your debt, which you happily now count by millions,
In sixty days hence will be swelled into billions;
In sixty months hence will be reckoned by trillions—
You beggars, without fifty dollars to show!

You'll be vagrant, and houseless, and most of you starving;
You'll have cholera, fever, and riots and crimes;
While England and France your possessions are halving,
You'll howl like hyenas, and wail for your dimes!
When New-York is one ruin, and New-Orleans boatless;
When all your first citizens wander round coatless,
You'll wish that each other's cracked crowns you had smote less,
You'll wish that you'd listened, you scamps, to *The Times*.

MUSINGS OF THE SOUTHERN EAGLE.

Where is the bird, whate'er his name or station—
Unnoted, or the idol of a nation,
Domestic fowl, or tenant of the sky—
That feels so wretched, poor, and mean, as I?

Once my bright presence, and my noble air,
Were dwelt upon with rapture, everywhere;
Men caught the inspiration of my glance,
And longed to do the deeds of old romance.

Where are the proud results they deemed would flow
From such a spirited initial show?
Alas! what failures may not one presage
Whose spirits droop through premature old age!

Behold the Genius of our honored State
Sunk, by degrees, to this ignoble fate;
Lean, starved, ill, feeble, tottering, forlorn—
To friends a burden, and to foes a scorn!

What Fate malignant fixed my ill-starred birth,
Then clipped my wings, and chained me to the earth,
Lest, all resplendent, I should one day rise,
And trail my youthful glories through the skies?

At Donelson, at Shiloh, New-Orleans,
At Corinth, Memphis, and in other scenes,
I lost fine feathers from my dwindling tail,
And moulted glories on a fearful scale.

Oh! deep humiliation! worse to bear
Than hunger, thirst, or scorched and sulphurous air!
These have I met, nor given up the ship—
Though half-disabled with the deadly pip!

For every part of me is true proud-flesh—
Else I were not the Genius of Secesh!
Oh! could I fly from shame, and this despair,
And not make such a scarecrow in the air!

Why does that Northern Eagle flap his wings
Aloft where e'en the hurricane but sings
A lullaby, and shine where every star
Is sunk in dull obscurity afar?

How dare I cope with *him*—poor, wretched me,
Chained to the blood-stained earth—no longer free,
No longer bright and glorious, and fit
To dwell where clouds in golden twilight flit!

Wretched imposture! I was *never* such
As men pretended; flattered overmuch,
I *never* had a right to face the sun,
Like that more kingly and eternal one.

Had this been so, O kind and pitying world!
Naught had such grandeur from its station hurled!
My fate is just, with all its wretchedness:
I soon must die, and, dying, may confess.